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CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

OF THE

DEDICATION

OF THE

First Presbyterian Church

NEWARK, N. J.

JANUARY FOURTH AND FIFTH

1891

First Presbyterian Church of Newark, N.J.

REV. DAVID R. FRAZER, D.D.

ALEXANDER McWHORTER, D.D., 1759-1807.
EDWARD D GRIFFIN, D.D 1801-1809.
JAMES RICHARDS, D.D 1809-1823
WILLIAM T. HAMILTON, D.D. 1824-1834
ANSEL D EDDY, D.D. 1835-1848
JONATHAN F STEARNS, D.D. 1849-1853.
DAVID R FRAZER, D.D. 1853.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

At a meeting of the Joint Boards held November 30th, 1890, it was resolved to observe the centennial of the dedication of our church building, and the following named gentlemen were appointed:

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Rev. D. R. FRAZER, D.D., *Pastor*

Mr. F. W. BALDWIN, *Clerk of Session*

Mr. A. P. WHITEHEAD, *President of Board of Deacons*

Mr. W. S. NICHOLS, *President of Board of Trustees*

The Executive Committee held a meeting on December 1st, at the house of Mr. A. P. Whitehead and resolved that the Centennial Exercises should be held on January 4th and 5th, 1891, and should consist of:

(1) A sermon, presenting the history of the building of the church, by the Pastor.

(2) An address on "Centennial Times and Men," by Mr. Walter S. Nichols, President of the Board of Trustees.

(3) A social gathering on Monday evening, Jan. 5th, under the direction of the ladies of the church.

The following committees were appointed:

ON INVITATION

Mr. Jeremiah D. Poinier
" Wm. A. Righter
" Wilmer A. Baldwin
" James C. McDonald
" Frank C. Watts
Mr. John E. Currier
" John B. Lunger
" O. H. Wheeler
" Jno. L. Robb
" George Beattie

On Reception

Hon. George A. Halsey
" Alex. H. Johnson
Mr. Robt. H. McCarter
" John Remer
" Chas. K. Nichols
" A. M. Woodruff
" Wm. C. Mason
" Geo. H. Davis
" Wm. T. Carter
" H. A. Cozzens
" E. P. Hainski
" Geo. P. Hoerner
" A. V. Hamburg
" H. G. Lefort
" S. J. Storch
" Jno. Huebel
Mrs. M. R. Dennis
" S. H. Pennington
Mrs. J. D. Poinier
" M. E. Kilburn
" F. H. Smith
" Mary Dusenberry
" S. G. Crowell
" H. G. Canfield
Miss J. H. Nichols
" Cornelia Halsey
Mrs. C. D. Beach
" Wm. Riker
Miss Mary Camp
" Matilda Coe
" F. L. Smith
" M. B. McIlvaine
Mrs. C. S. Macknet
Miss E. Nichols
" Anna E. Congar
Mrs. B. Stites
Mrs. C. R. Waugh

Special Reception Committee

Rev. and Mrs. D. R. Frazer
Mr. A. S. Hubbell
S. H. Pennington, M.D.
Mrs. Nelson Todd
" A. S. Day
" John Miller

On Decoration

Mr. E. B. Williamson
" Geo. T. Baldwin
" Jas. P. Dusenberry
" Wesley C. Miller
" John Poinier
" Bruen H. Camp
" Charles S. Colton
" Chandler Riker
Mr. James H. Fletcher
" Geo. J. Hagar
" Wm. A. Wendover
" Wm. L. Smith
" Wm. G. Hainski
" Jno. N. Newman
" Chester R. Hoag
" Wm. S. Gregory

On Entertainment

Mrs. Wesley C. Miller
" W. S. Baker
" A. J. Hedges
" Phineas Jones
" M. P. Butler
" T. W. Loweree
" Wilmer A. Baldwin
" John Poinier
Mrs. J. E. Currier
" F. C. Watts
" Wm. T. Carter
" E. B. Williamson
" Wm. A. Wendover
" W. S. Nichols
" Wm. C. Mason
" J. N. Newman

The matter of music was referred to the Music Committee of the Session, Mr. John Sealy, Mr. William S. Hartshorne and Mr. William T. Carter, who secured a large and efficient chorus to assist our quartette in singing the songs of the olden time.

The quartette consisted of:

Miss Lucy F. Nelson, *Soprano* — Mr. H. M. Mason, *Tenor*
Mrs. Wm. S. Canon, *Alto* — Mr. Richard Stringer, *Bass*

Miss Conradt presiding at the organ

Assisted by:

Sopranos

Miss Anna E. Baldwin
" Jessie M. Folkes
" Augusta H. Gleim
Mrs. Stewart Roper
" Cordelia Shackelton
Miss Emma Ward
" Lulu Westwood

Altos

Miss Hulda Clark
Mrs. Wm. Diefenthaeler
Miss Jenny Foxcroft
" Sarah Smith

Tenors

Mr. Frank Hodson
" John Poinier
" H. J. Rudd
" Henry Westwood

Basses

Mr. Edmont P. Hainski
" Alexander P. Holbrook
" Chas. H. Russ
" John Sealy
" Thomas Shaw

The following invitation, handsomely engraved on stiff card board was sent to every member of the church and congregation, also to the members of the Newark Presbytery and to the pastors of the churches in the city:

Organized 1667.

1791. 1891.

You are respectfully invited to attend the Centennial Celebration of the Dedication of the First Presbyterian Church of Newark, N. J. on January 4th and 5th, 1891. Centennial Sermon by the Pastor on Sabbath Morning at 10.30. A Paper by Mr. Walter S. Nichols, President of the Board of Trustees, on Sabbath Evening at 7.30. Reception on Monday Evening from 7.30 to 10.

The decoration of the church consisted of the portraits of the old members, arranged in groups around the galleries. The spaces intervening between the groups were filled with plants in pots.

The endeavor of the committee was, as far as possible, to arrange the pictures in a chronological order, starting with the east end of the north gallery :

Group 1

Mrs. Nathaniel and Nathaniel Camp
Governor Tichenor

Group 2

Mrs. Jabez Pierson, Samuel and Mrs. Samuel Pennington and
Mrs. Mary Stiles Baldwin
Mrs. Benton M. Harris

Group 3

Levi Holden, Mrs. Hannah Plympton Holden and
Mrs. Elizabeth Johnson Poinier
Benton M. Harris

Group 4

Mrs. James and James Tichenor, Isaac Nichols
Mr. Whittemore

Group 5

Aaron Nichols, Mrs Aaron Nichols, Chief Justice Hornblower and
Gov. W. S. Pennington
Mrs. Whittemore

Group 6

Gov. William Pennington, Mrs. Tryphenia B. Ross

South gallery, starting with the east end :

Group 7

Sayres and Mrs. Sayres Coe
Mrs. Hannah B. Kinney

Group 8

Moses and Mrs. M. Roberts, Henry L. Parkhurst
John P. Davis

Group 9

Wm. and Mrs. Wallace, Samuel P. Brown
Mrs. J. Woodhull

Group 10

Demas Colton, Mrs. Benjamin Cleveland, Caleb Carter and Benjamin Olds
Mrs. C. A. Vanderhoof

Group 11

Mrs. H. C. and H. C. Jones, Chas. T. Pierson
James Wheeler

Group 12

William Rankin

West gallery:

From south end to centre

Wm. B. Kinney, Wm. Shugard, Luther Goble, I., Geo. H. Peters
Mrs. John Caldwell

Centre

F. P. Ilsley,
Dr. L. A. Smith, Alex. Nichols and Mrs. L. A. Smith
Jotham M. Hager

From centre to north end

Mr. and Mrs. John Morton, Mrs. and Luther Goble
Mrs. James Vanderpool

The pulpit was banked with potted plants. Over it hung a life size crayon of Dr. MacWhorter; his study chair was on the platform; the figures 1791 and 1891 appeared in gas jets; the original "agreement" and plan of the church, both on parchment, were suspended from the gas standards.

On the north side were hung pictures of Dr. Griffin, Judge Boudinot, Mr. and Mrs. Mulford, while on the south side were pictures of Dr. Stearns, Dr. Eddy and Mr. William Tuttle.

The following was the programme of the Sunday services; at the close of which, both morning and evening, the bell was struck one hundred times:

Order of Morning Service

Organ Voluntary and Anthem

I. Hymn

Denmark

Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

We are his people, we his care—
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

We 'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs;
High, as the heaven, our voices raise;
And earth, with all her thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

II. Invocation

III. Hymn

Lenox

Blow ye the trumpet, blow;
The gladly solemn sound,
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound.
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Extol the Lamb of God
The sin atoning Lamb,
Redemption by his blood
Throughout the world proclaim.
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

IV. Psalm cxxii.

V. Hymn

Victory

The Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation, too;
God is my strength,—nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

One privilege my heart desires,
Oh! grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around;
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

VI. Commandments and Responses

VII. Scripture Lesson, II. Chron. v.: 1; vi.: 1, 2, 12–21. 40–42; vii.: 1–3

VIII. Anthem—Quartette

"Oh pray for the peace of Jerusalem."—*J. C. Knox*

IX. Prayer

X. Hymn

Montgomery

Early, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

So Pilgrims on the scorching sand
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand;
And they must drink or die.

I 've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine:
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

Thus, till my last expiring day,
I 'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

XI. Centennial Sermon

XII. Hymn

Centennial Hymn

Words and music composed for the occasion

Within thy walls, oh sacred shrine,
Gift of the Past to Present time,
We come, with reverential tread,
As in the presence of the dead,
To hear that sweet and tender tone
Which, bursting now from every stone,
Speaks forth, with fresh and ardent glow,
Work wrought—*one hundred years ago.*

Oh Holy House—Time honored now,
A century has marked thy brow,
Yet classic Fane—though wondrous fair,
Cannot, in grace, with thee compare.
The Fathers' knell was long since rung,
Their solemn dirge was long since sung,
Yet, while they sleep beneath the sod,
We worship where they built for God.

To thee, O Lord, we joyful raise
Our glad Centennial song of praise
As now, within this holy place
Thy tenderness and love we trace.
Help us to guard, with sacred care,
The Treasure Thou hast given us here.
Here may she stand to speak for thee,
Till years and time shall cease to be. Amen.

XIII. Prayer

XIV. Doxology

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

XV. Benediction

Order of Evening Service

I. Organ Voluntary and Anthem

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Hallelujah

II. Invocation

III. Hymn

Northfield

"The God of glory, down to men,
Removes his blest abode;—
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he their living God:—

"His own soft hands shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pain, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die!"

How long, dear Saviour! oh, how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time!
And bring the welcome day.

IV. Scriptures, Psalm lxxxvii., lxxxix.

(After which, by request, "Montgomery" was repeated)

V. Anthem—Quartette

"Glorious things of thee are spoken."—*Holden*

VI. Prayer

VII. Hymn

Concord

Come, we who love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We 're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

VIII. "Centennial Times and Men"

By Walter S. Nichols, President of the Board of Trustees

IX. Centennial Hymn

X. Prayer

XI. Hymn—Lenox

(By Request)

XII. Benediction

The offerings at the services, amounting to over $2,000, were on behalf of the New Tabernacle in the Twelfth Ward.

At the close of the Sunday School Session, the pastor delivered an address on the life and work of Dr. MacWhorter, after which the entire school marched through the church to see the decorations and thence to the tomb in the church yard; decorating the grave with flowers brought for that purpose by the scholars.

The Reception was held, as appointed, on Monday evening, from 7.30 to 10, and the rooms, both in the church and the chapel were thronged ; the rooms were handsomely decorated with plants ; an orchestra supplied the music in the chapel, and the organ was played in the church.

The Reception Committee conducted the guests to the sub-committee assisting the pastor and his wife in welcoming the many friends who came to share in the joy of the occasion.

This sub-committee consisted of Mr. A. S. Hubbell, who is probably the oldest member of the church in point of years ; S. H. Pennington, M.D., the senior elder of the church ; Mrs. Nelson Todd, the oldest member of the church, her name standing first on the roll ; Mrs. A. S. Day, whose name stands second, and Mrs. John Miller, whose name stands third.

Eight handsomely decorated tables were spread in the rooms of the chapel from which refreshments were served, and were presided over as follows :

No. 1—Mrs. W. C. Miller and Mrs. Dr. W. S. Baker.
No. 2—Mrs. A. J. Hedges and Mrs. Phineas Jones.
No. 3—Mrs. Wilmer A. Baldwin and Mrs. Wm. A. Wendover.
No. 4—Mrs. Dr. T. W. Loweree and Mrs. M. P. Butler.

No. 5—Mrs. Wm. T. Carter and Mrs. H. M. Keasbey.
No. 6—Mrs. John Poinier and Mrs. F. C. Watts.
No. 7—Mrs. W. C. Mason and Mrs. J. E. Currier.
No. 8—Mrs. W. S. Nichols and Miss Anna E. Baldwin.

The following ladies served as waitresses upon the several tables :

Miss Mary Remer
" Maggie Conover
" Mary Beck
" Amie Nichols
" Jessie Baldwin
" Lulu Jones
" Virginia Woodruff
" Katharine Woodruff
" Matilda Vail
" Ella Vail
" Belle Halsey
" Lida Macknet
" Frances Titsworth
" Caroline Condict

Miss Helen Abeel
" Sarah Butler
" Katie White
" Mary Groshong
" Agnes Woodruff
" Hattie Conover
" Eunice Hopkins
" Russie Dusenberry
" Phoebe Frazer
" Evelyn Watts
" Helen Nichols
" Jessie Wendover
" Emma Righter
" Anna Fields

Miss Mary Waugh

In the course of the evening the Hon. Geo. A. Halsey called the company to order, whereupon Dr. Pennington, the senior elder, in a very happily expressed address, presented the pastor with a handsome pulpit gown, the gift of the ladies of the church, and by them imported from Scotland. After putting on the new robe the pastor made his acknowledgments, and returned thanks to the kind friends and donors for their beautiful gift.

CENTENNIAL SERMON

BY THE PASTOR

REV. D. R. FRAZER, D.D.

THE BUILDING OF THE OLD CHURCH.

ISAIAH xlix: 16.—"*Thy walls are continually before me.*"

Although inspiration most signally rebukes that tendency which exalts the past by the depression of the present and pronounces as "not wise" the oft-repeated inquiry, "What is the cause that the former days were better than these?", yet there are occasions, frequently occurring in the lives of individuals and of institutions, which justify the wisdom of the backward glance, and warrant us in "remembering the days of old," and in "considering the years of many generations."

Such an occasion is the present, when, gathering within this house, now venerable with age, we come, not only to commemorate the fact that one hundred years have elapsed since our Fathers, receiving them fresh from the workman's hands, solemnly dedicated these walls to the service and worship of Almighty God, but also to render our hearty thanks for that divine goodness which for a century has preserved from fire and flood, from lightning and tempest, from violence and earthquake, the house which the Fathers built, and in which three generations have been nurtured in the faith, and "made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light."

Restricting our glance retrospective to our own country, just think how far this century carries us back in our national history and what marvellous changes it has wrought in this land. One hundred years ago, although the Federal Constitution had been formulated, it had not

been ratified by all of the original thirteen States. George Washington was then serving his first term as President, but his jurisdiction extended only to the States bordering on the Atlantic. Beyond this narrow confine the land lay in its primeval wildness. The Genesee river was the extreme western boundary. The Mississippi, traversing the heart of this continent, was more inaccessible than is today the Congo which traverses the heart of the Dark Continent. Where now great thriving cities stand, or the granaries of the world flourish, then only the Indian trail or war-path could be found. No diviner's rod had discovered, and no miner's hand had brought forth the inexhaustible treasures of mineral wealth which the soil concealed. The application of steam to mechanical, commercial or locomotive purposes was almost unknown; the conception that the electric spark could be made to speak with the accuracy of typography, or could be used for illumination and propulsion, had not yet entered into the thought of the wildest dreamer; the public press was a pigmy, rather than a giant; the common school system was unborn; even the old locofoco match had not made its appearance or emitted its sulphurous fumes. The daily living of the period was of the most primitive character, utterly destitute of those many appliances which are now regarded as absolutely essential to comfort, and are so common that they fail to elicit our notice.

When we take into consideration these facts, which might be indefinitely expanded; when we recall the character of the Fathers' surroundings, we may well be astounded as we note the work of their hands. While we heartily accord the fullest meed of honor to the men of today, who, standing in the van of human progress, have transformed the marvellous into the ordinary; while we have no sympathy with that sentiment which makes those early days the model for all time, and have no desire to

return to the narrow life of the Fathers, in which only one side of their natures found expression ; while we rejoice in the fact that the Puritan, in his rigid mood and tense, has had his day, and cannot and ought not to come back, yet we may not forget that the foundations of the present are in the past, and we should reckon the Fathers worthy of double honor in that they laid, despite the imperfect appliances of their times, foundations deep and broad and strong and lasting. The simple study of this structure, which is all we now attempt, clearly discloses the fact, that, no matter how narrow they may have been in other respects, they were men of large views so far as the Church of God was concerned, otherwise they would never have reared this building for the use of a village, whose entire population at the time of the dedication could not have exceeded twelve hundred souls.

As the growth of the community compelled the abandonment of the original frame house which for a half century had served as the place of worship and as the general rendezvous of the people, so, by the operation of the same cause, the Fathers were confronted with the necessity of erecting a new and larger house of worship in place of the stone church which supplied the frame. This subject was very warmly discussed in town meetings from 1755–1774, when it was resolved to erect a new building on School house hill, near the spot where the Boys' Home now stands on Market street, provided a subscription of £2,000 could be secured. Respecting this movement, Dr. MacWhorter says: "The subscription was instantly filled, some materials collected and trenches dug for the new building early in 1775, but the war breaking out and other circumstances put a stop to our proceedings and the materials were lost." Notwithstanding this positive assertion of the Pastor, there is a tradition to the effect that Deacons Caleb Wheeler and Ebenezer Baldwin buried

some of the materials thus gathered in a swamp on Elm street about one mile east of Mulberry, and that "the good deacons disinterred the concealed treasure, brought it to town again, and probably used it for the benefit of the new edifice."

Although the war was practically ended by the surrender at Yorktown, yet peace was not formally declared until April 19th, 1783. The moral declension, incident to a state of war, was very manifest in the village, but was arrested by a great revival which occurred in 1784, and this, in turn, led to the renewal of the project of building a new and larger church. It would be regarded as a great undertaking for us to replace this edifice today, but in the 850 members now enrolled we have at least seventeen twentieths of the entire population of the village at the time this project was revived, yet that little band of God-fearing men and women, although impoverished by an eight years' conflict, although their appliances for building were of the most crude character, addressed themselves to the work of rearing a structure, at a cost of £9,000 York, which at once bears witness to their generosity, their enlarged views and their public spirit.

The work assumed a practical form by the issuance of the following

AGREEMENT.

"The members of the First Presbyterian Church in Newark, finding that, by the blessing of Divine Providence, they are so far increased that their present church is by far too small for the congregation to assemble in, so that members are prevented attending the public worship of God, and being impressed with a sense that it is the duty of all rational beings, especially Christians, to erect decent and proper houses for the worship of their Creator, and sensible how remarkably God has been pleased to

favor this town ever since its first establishment, and the gratitude that is due to him ;

"Therefore, The subscribers have resolved, with dependence on His providence for the success of their honest endeavors, to attempt the raising of a new house to the honor of His name, do therefore severally promise to pay or cause to be paid unto the following gentlemen, for the purpose above mentioned, viz.: Joseph Davis, David Johnson, Maj. Samuel Hays, William B. Smith and Joseph Banks, the sum of money annexed to their respective names, upon the following plan, viz.:

"(1) The money to be paid in the following proportions, *i. e.*, the one-fifth part on or before the first day of January next (1787); the remaining four-fifths to be divided into two equal parts, the first of which is to be paid on or before the first day of January, 1788, and the second and last payment on or before the first day of January, 1789.

"(2) Any work or labor or any material proper for the building shall be taken in payment at a reasonable price, and also any kind of produce at the market rate.

"(3) As soon as the sum of £3,000 is subscribed, the subscribers to be called together and to choose a committee to form a plan and appoint managers of the business.

"(4) The building to be erected on a lot to be purchased, opposite the present house, of the estate of Obadiah Crane, deceased.

"(5) The house to be properly seated and the pews to be sold in such a manner, under the discretion of said committee, so that each subscriber shall be credited with his subscription, and the pew shall then go to the highest bidder.

"(6) The subscription to be written on parchment, and kept among the papers of the church, that posterity may see what proportion each family has given towards said building.

"For which payment, each for himself, and not one for the other, binds himself, his heirs, executors and administrators, firmly by these presents this first day of September, 1786."

To this agreement, a long list of names in double rows is appended. That the work was begun and the prescribed amount of £3,000 was speedily pledged are attested by the fact that the third condition of the agreement was soon carried into practical effect. "A meeting of the subscribers for the purpose of choosing a committee to form a plan and appoint managers" was held, as the result of which Caleb Wheeler, Caleb Camp, Nathaniel Camp, Joseph Banks, Isaac Alling, Wm. P. Smith, Samuel Hays, Benjamin Coe, Joseph Davis, Daniel Johnson, Moses Farrand, Isaac Plum, Abiel Camfield and Abraham Ward were constituted the building committee. We have no record of the date of this meeting, but it must have been prior to September 16th, since on that day Capt. Robert Nichols rendered a bill of 13 shillings "for going to New York two days, by order of the committee," so that, within a fortnight of their appointment, we find the committee busy at their work.

The character of the credits discloses the readiness with which the subscribers availed themselves of the second condition of the agreement which accepted labor, materials or produce in payment of subscription. To John Tichenor and Phineas Baldwin pertains the honor of hauling and delivering on the 28th day of September, 1786, the first loads of stone for the new structure. By November 11th, 1786, so vigorously had the work been prosecuted, that 422 loads were deposited on the lot. The last stone credit was on October 4th, 1787, by which time doubtless sufficient material for the proposed edifice had been gathered. Dr. MacWhorter is credited, May 12th, 1787, with 5¾ days tending, £1 . 8 . 9; May 28, 5 days tending, £1.5 shillings.

There are credits for shovelling sand, a day's chopping, carting clay, teams of horses, planks, nails, sheepskins, shoes, 2 quart jug, tin mug, cyder, rum, &c., &c., &c. In fact, the church seems to have served as a sort of clearing house for the debts of the village. If A. owed B. five pounds, B. would say, " A., I have subscribed five pounds towards the meeting house. You settle that and I will give you a receipt in full." Whereupon A. would either give his labor, or send the committee a load of hay, or a bundle of sheepskins, or the work of a horse team, the same being duly credited to B.'s subscription. It is noteworthy, as indicative of the general interest in the enterprise, that the ferries and the highways exempted from toll all materials used in the construction of the building.

I have been informed that the architect of the church was Eleazar Ball, but have not been able to learn whether he drew the designs, or simply supervised the construction. He was the nephew of Moses Ball, whose will bequeathing the parsonage wood lands to the church may be seen on record at the office of the Secretary of State at Trenton. Mr. Ball, the architect, lived at Middleville, about one mile above Irvington, in a house which he named, and which I am told is still known as Tuscan Hall. He was accustomed, during the progress of the work upon the church, to drive over every morning, supervise the operations of the day and then drive home at night.

I have also been told that the ornamental wood work of the building was done by Eleazar Camp, an Elder from 1794 until his death which occurred in 1821.

After the work of gathering stone had been carried on very vigorously for about six weeks, it appears that some difficulty, hindering the successful prosecution of the same, must have arisen, for we find, on November 11th, 1786, that a meeting of the Board of Trustees was held at the house of Elisha Boudinot, the President, when it was

resolved "that advertisement be put up immediately: when the parsonage lots were leased the Trustees reserved to themselves the privilege of getting stone off the same for the purpose of building a church, if the same was erected during the term. And the congregation having begun to build a church, it is ordered that the managers of the said building be authorized to direct any person or persons to get the said stone for the purpose aforesaid; advising the said managers at the same time to give a preference to the lessees of the said lots, provided they will get the stone at the time the said managers shall appoint."

Whether the lessees failed to live up to their contract or were unable to come to time with the managers, it is evident something was working adversely, for on April 13th, 1787, the Trustees fulminated as follows:

"It is agreed that Mr. Alling give notice to the Trustees of the Parsonage lots that they shall have until the first day of May next, to get stones from their own lots, and after that time general permission shall be given to any persons to get stone for the use of the church from the same."

In the meantime, while the stones were being gathered, the Trustees were bestirring themselves in other directions to raise the funds needful for the prosecution of the work. At a meeting held June 7th, 1787, it was "agreed that the money collected for the purpose of purchasing tickets in the Pennsylvania lottery be laid out in tickets in the Elizabethtown lottery, as none can be procured in the former." I suppose these instructions were literally obeyed, for I find a dateless record which reads as follows: "Tickets in the Elizabethtown Lottery—Trustees 17, 1466.7.8. 1746.7.8. 1414." I cannot interpret for you the meaning of these cabalistic numbers; I cannot tell you whether the tickets drew a prize or not, but I can tell you

the Fathers had no more conscience on the subject than they had on the keeping of liquor on their sideboards and the proffering the dram to every visitor, and they thought no more of either than you and I do of paying a lawful bill and taking a cup of coffee. A lottery was regarded as a perfectly legitimate business. A wheel of fortune was set up in every village and hamlet. If a little stream was to be bridged, or a public building erected, or a school house repaired, or a street paved, or a road mended, or a college treasury replenished, or a church built, a lottery bill was passed by the Legislature, the tickets were issued, the wheel turned and the money raised. Our godly Fathers would not do a great many things over which their degenerate descendants have no scruples, but they would laugh to scorn that modern and morbid sensitiveness (as they would regard it) which today excludes the Louisiana lottery from the United States mail.

So successfully was the preparatory work carried on that Dr. MacWhorter was able, in the month of September, the day of the month and the hour of the day being unknown, to break ground for the new church and to lay "the first stone" in position. The traditions reaching us are that the Pastor, Session and People arranged themselves according to age and office; that Dr. MacWhorter, standing at the northeast corner of the lot, made a brief address, offered a prayer, and then took out, with his own hand, the first spadeful of earth. Deacon Caleb Wheeler took out the next. Soon the whole company was at work and the opening of the trenches was completed in a few hours. It is probable that "the first stone" was laid on this occasion, but we have no exact information regarding the date, the location of the stone or the inscription on it, the tablet without and the memorial slab within the church simply stating that Dr. MacWhorter laid the first stone in the month of September. There is, however, a tradition,

claiming to be traceable back to Deacon Tichenor, which gives September 24th as the day.

And now the great work was fairly under way. Honest and skilful builders soon had the walls above ground, and as they rose higher and higher the materials were hoisted by the aid of a windlass placed in the road, the power being supplied by horses, and the horses in turn being doubtless furnished by the members of the church, since this supposition will alone explain the item of "horse" hire which appears so continuously in the credit account. The only accident reported befell Sayres Coe, son of Benjamin Coe, a boy 19 years of age, who was nearly killed by a beam falling on his shoulder.

The ladies bore their share of the burden by feeding the workmen engaged on the building. Miss Hannah Coe is reported to have said that she cut bread and butter enough to have filled her father's large kitchen to repletion, could the product of her toil have been gathered at one time in that place.

But we can readily understand that an architect, be he never so efficient, and workmen, be they never so skilful, even when aided by the windlass and fed by the ladies, could not build this church without money, hence we read in the Trustees' record of a meeting held March 3d, 1788, as follows: "It being represented to the Board that the committees for building the new church found themselves under the necessity of borrowing some money, and that individuals would give their bonds for the money so borrowed, if this Board would indemnify the individuals; the Board, taking the same into consideration, and viewing the said committees as the congregation, appoint Mr. Alling to inform the said committees that, if they would put this request in writing and send it to this Board, they would comply with the same.

"Voted that Andrew Mason and Samuel Hunting-

don's bond, dated February 1st, 1787, for £22.2.1, be given up to the committee for building the new church, to go in payment of stone purchased of Mr. Huntingdon."

The Trustee records of September 15th, 1788, give us a glance at an act of interdenominational courtesy which ought not to, but which does, seem strange in these progressive days: "The Trustees, considering the great advantage that will result to the town in general from a good clock, and the steeple of the new church being so central that a clock may be heard throughout the town: And the Trustees being informed that the Rev. Mr. Ogden offers to give up the subscription that was raised some time ago for erecting a clock at his church towards the same: Resolved that David Banks, Esq., and Mr. John Burnet be a committee to open a subscription for the purpose aforesaid, and that they be desired to apply to Mr. Moses Ogden and request the favor of him to join them, and to superintend the making of the clock, and that his direction be followed accordingly."

Once more the troublesome money question arises. On July 19th, 1790, the records read: "It being represented by the managers for building the new church that the subscription is nearly run out, and that it will be necessary for some engagement to be entered into with the carpenter for the future work, it is unanimously resolved that this Board will fulfil the engagements the said managers shall enter into with such carpenters as they may think proper to employ to complete the work."

After this generous proffer, there is a yawning chasm, a great gap, in the Trustees' records. Although the book is free from mutilation, the next entry bears date of February 16th, 1793, thus leaping over and giving no account of the dedicatory services. Stranger still, a similar gap appears in the Sessional Records, so that there is not a line in the church books to tell of that august event.

And I regret to say that the public press fails to supplement the deficiencies of church records. The Newark of a century ago could not boast a newspaper. A weekly journal called *Woods' Newark Gazette and New Jersey Advertiser* made its appearance on May 13th, 1791, four and a half months after the dedication, while the *Sentinel of Freedom* was not issued until October 5th, 1796, five years and ten months after that event.

Elizabethtown, our nearest neighbor and earliest rival, outstripped Newark in the matter of a local paper. *The New Jersey Journal and Political Intelligencer*, in its issue of Wednesday, January 5th, 1791, gives a report of the debates on the Militia bill; a list of candidates propounded by the Governor of New Jersey for Representatives in Congress; the arrival of the British packet Roebuck, Capt. Scoufe, at New York, 39 days from Falmouth, and bringing the news of the opening of the British Parliament; a treaty signed between England and Spain; a contention at Martinique; a piracy at Basseterre; an advertisement of the Princeton and Newton Lottery scheme; the date and place of a negro sale; and then follows this delightful piece of information: "On New Year's day, that elegant building, the Presbyterian Church at Newark, was consecrated to the service of the true God, and an excellent discourse was delivered by the venerable Dr. MacWhorter to a large audience." This is all. We know not the text; we know not a word that was said; we know not the Scriptures read, or the hymns sung; we know not who assisted in the conduct of the service; but we do gather, through the aid of this paper, that the dedicatory services must have been held on Saturday, as 1791 came in on that day, a statement confirmed by the testimony of the late Mrs. Oehme, who lived to a very advanced age, but preserved a remarkable clearness of mind. The day before her death she told me that her parents lived on the north

side of Market street, between Halsey and Washington; that one of her earliest recollections was the glowing account that her parents used to give of the grand feast served after the dedication. The tables ran through the halls and parlors of her father's house, and as soon as one table was emptied of guests, it was speedily refilled with others, a style of performance which would not have been tolerated on the Sabbath day by the stern old disciples of that date.

The ground upon which the church, now completed and dedicated, stood, sloped gently toward Market street. In grading the street, which was done by raising the level, the foundation of the church was buried about one foot and a half, bringing the water table near the ground, as we see it today. By reason of this elevation, the entrance to the church originally was by means of two or three steps, at each of the doors. Instead of opening into vestibules as at present, the doors then led directly into the house, and the seats ran flush up to the door. In the later years, some of the seats near the doors were removed to make room for stoves, from which, for a proper consideration, coals might be had to supply the portable foot stoves, then in general use by the older people.

The arrangement of the aisles was very much after the present order, the only exception being a graceful curve in front of the pulpit, and the two pews on either side of the middle aisle conforming thereto. Dr. MacWhorter's family occupied the curved pew on the south side.

But the arrangement for seating was very different. When completed the church had 180 seats and 24 pews, 120 of the seats being on the ground floor and 60 in the galleries. The term "seats," as then used, designated what we now call "pews," while the name "pew" was given to that which we now call a box or square or double pew. Both seats and pews were straight, and were at least a foot and a half higher in the back than those you now occupy.

The pews ran under the galleries until they came within one seat of the end of the middle block, then the seats ran back to the west wall. In the middle block were "seats," with the exception of the two curved pews already mentioned. The base of the steeple then stood in the church, and around it were seats, ending, as at present, in a square pew on either side of the middle aisle. There were also seats on either side of the pulpit. In the galleries, the seats were arranged in rows of four, save at the east end, where there were five. Two rows of seats ran around the steeple with the stairs coming back of them. There were two aisles in the west gallery, the centre rows of seats being reserved for the choir, who made effective use of the old pitch pipe in getting the key for the service of song.

The pulpit, which stood very high in the air, the pastor's feet being nearly, if not quite, on a level with the gallery floor, was white in color and octagonal in form. The preacher entered it by ascending about ten steps on the north side, walking along a level platform in the rear of the pulpit, which stood out some distance from the east wall of the church; then ascending two or three steps on the south side, he found the door, through which he obtained access into the sacred desk, which was surmounted with an enormous sounding board, conforming in shape to the general contour of the pulpit, and handsomely carved in accord with the ornamentation of the church, a sample of which is given in the dove, star and cornucopia overhanging this pulpit arch.

Dr. Stearns says that the old pulpit from which MacWhorter and Griffen and Richards preached was given to a church in Paterson; was afterwards sold by them; was *bought* by the Roman Catholics; was used, and for aught that I know to the contrary, may be still used by them in their church at Paterson, where, having mounted it on rollers, they push it to the various parts of the chancel, according to the needs of their service.

Back of the pulpit was a large Venetian window, consisting of three parts, the central part, which was higher than the two sides, being curved on the top, while the two sides were square. The central part was panelled during Dr. Richards' pastorate, to protect him from draft.

The recess beneath the pulpit was enclosed by a wooden partition, which was about 5 feet high, followed the general curve of the front aisle, and like the pews of the church was made to represent mahogany. In this recess or chancel, Dr. Uzal Ogden, who had been the rector of Trinity Church but had left in consequence of some misunderstanding, was accustomed to sit during the church services.

It is difficult to give you in words an idea of the original ceiling, which must have been beautiful. Trinity Church ceiling was modelled after it, but lacked the height which this house afforded. Instead of being square and right angled, the sides of the church were arched, giving in the slope an additional height of ten feet to this ceiling, at least so I should judge from a study of the plaster marks in the attic. These arches terminated in a graceful panel, running the length of the church. From this panel were suspended three iron rods, painted blue, except at certain intervals, where the rods were twisted and the twists were gilded. At the end of these rods, three very handsome glass chandeliers hung, while on either side of the church, under the galleries, there were sconces to hold lights. The illumination of the church was derived from tallow candles, and if evening services were held. the hour of assemblage was usually "at early candle light." The change in the ceiling was made to accommodate one of the pastors, who found it difficult to fill so large a building with his voice.

Shortly after the dedication, in accordance with the fifth article of the agreement, the following declaration was issued :

"Be it remembered that we, Caleb Wheeler, William P. Smith, Moses Farrand, Caleb Camp, Samuel Hayes, Isaac Plum, Nathaniel Camp, Benjamin Coe, Abiel Camfield, Joseph Banks, Joseph Davis, Abraham Ward, Isaac Alling and Daniel Johnson, the committee appointed to build the new church, being met, pursuant to the order and direction of the subscribers, as contained in the subscription, to consider of and agree upon the most eligible plan of seating the house and selling the pews, so as to do justice to the subscribers, and, if possible, give satisfaction to all, have, after due deliberation, concluded to sell them, at vendue, in the church upon the following terms: The vendue to begin on Tuesday, the 1st day of February next, at one of the clock in the afternoon, agreeably to public notice repeatedly given by the Rev. Dr. MacWhorter from the desk, the vendue to be adjourned from time to time as circumstances may require:

"*First.* The pews are all to be numbered and marked.

"*Secondly.* They are all to be appraised according to the supposed relative value, so that the whole may amount to £7,000.

"*Thirdly.* No seat or pew shall be set up to sale unless some person shall bid for it the sum at which it is appraised or more, and then it shall be struck off to him unless some person shall bid above him, the highest bidder always to be the purchaser, and he and his heirs shall forever have an exclusive right to his seat, and shall quietly and peacefully hold and possess it, without any molestation or interruption whatever; provided always that he hath paid or shall pay the price at which it was struck off, to the satisfaction of the committee.

"*Fourthly.* No person shall be permitted for the present to purchase more than two common seats or one square pew, notwithstanding he may have paid or shall be willing to pay the price of more; but if hereafter his family should

increase so that more room should be thought necessary for them, he or they may purchase any vacant seats or pews under the above restrictions.

"*Fifthly.* If two or more persons shall be desirous of uniting in purchasing one pew or seat, they shall have liberty to do so, and may jointly hold and possess it.

"*Sixthly.* The number and situation of each pew and seat, together with the name of the purchaser, and the price for which it shall be sold, shall be plainly marked on a plan of the building drawn upon parchment by order of the committee, to which these articles are to be prefixed, a fair copy of all which shall be made and entered in the church book containing the particulars of the account of every subscriber, which record shall always be esteemed sufficient evidence of the purchaser's title to that pew or seat, and his posterity's after him.

"And we do appoint Nathaniel Camp, Benjamin Coe, Joseph Banks, Joseph Davis and Daniel Johnson a subcommittee to hold the vendue and sell the seats as agreed upon and directed.

"Newark, January, 1791."

That these directions were literally obeyed is proven by the parchment in the custody of our Trustees.

It is pleasing to note that "virtue was its own sweet reward" in those early days, as it is now. To Miss Hannah Coe, the young lady to whom reference has been made as coöperating so heartily in the work of church erection by her untiring diligence in the bread and butter department, pertains the peculiar glory of being the first lady to be married in the new church by Dr. MacWhorter. She became the wife of Matthias Bruen of Perth Amboy, and the mother of the Rev. Matthias Bruen, for many years the faithful and efficient pastor of the Bleecker Street Church, New York City. Her husband occupied that handsome Bruen mansion in Perth Amboy, which, by the munificence

of Alexander Bruen, has been dedicated as a home for aged and disabled Presbyterian ministers.

The work wrought by Wm. Camp, in secret, deserves proclamation from the housetop. It appears that the mud in front of the church was so deep that it was almost impossible to enter. One morning the villagers were astonished to find a comfortable sidewalk laid and ready for use. Being a singularly modest man, Mr. Camp had had the work done by night, in order that no one might know who did it.

Whether the building committee made an underestimate when they set £7,000 as the sum necessary to be realized from the sale of pews to liquidate the debt of the church, or whether the sale did not realize the amount suggested, does not appear; but it is very plain, although the church was built, dedicated and used, it was not paid for, and, strangest of all, it seems as though none of the men of that day could determine its exact cost.

At a meeting of the Trustees, held May 21st, 1793, "the President laid before the Board that he had received a second payment of £232, 15 *s.* on the sale of the old church, which he was authorized to use in discharging bonds." This payment was made on the basis of a contract entered into during the building of the church, as follows:

"Whereas, the Board of Justices and Chosen Freeholders of the County of Essex did agree to purchase of the Trustees of the First Presbyterian Church in Newark the lott of land adjoining the court house lott in Newark, with the house or building thereon, for which they did agree to give the sum of £300, and did appoint Abiel Camfield, Henry Geritz and Stephen Crane, Esq., a committee to receive the said deed, as will appear by the record of this proceeding duly entered, therefore we, the subscribers, in obedience to said order, do acknowledge that we have received of the said Trustees of the First Presbyterian

Church in Newark the deed for said premises, duly executed and acknowledged, agreeably to the said bargain and agreement with the said Justices and Freeholders.

"As witness our hand this 21st day of September, 1790.

"Stephen Crane,
"Henry Geritz,
"Abiel Camfield."

But the sale of the old church and the application of the proceeds did not cancel the debt on the new building.

On January 3rd, 1794, three years after the dedication, "Mr. Caleb Bruen laid before the Board his account for work done at the new church, and requested that the Trustees would either pay the same or give him an obligation under the seal of the corporation for the amount. It is ordered unanimously that the same be allowed and that the President do execute an obligation accordingly."

On January 10th, 1794, "a committee to receive the books and papers relative to the new church" was appointed; but matters seem to have been in great confusion, for on April 7th, 1794, "Mr. Samuel Baldwin, to whom the Board had committed the examination and adjustment of the books of the new church, reported that he had attempted to open an account against the new church, agreeably to the request of the Trustees, in order to ascertain what the building cost, and how much we were in debt for the same, but that he found so many difficulties in the accounts, from the mode in which they were kept, that he doubted whether he could accomplish it. The Board resolved that Mr. Baldwin be requested to accomplish the business, if possible, and also make an abstract of the persons who appear to be debtors to the church."

But Mr. Baldwin did not "accomplish the business," for on February 10th, 1795, one year after it was left in his hands, the Trustees "resolved that Wednesday in each

week be appointed for the settlement of the books of the new church," but I am unable to report with what success their efforts were crowned, having vainly searched the Trustee records for any authoritative statement of the exact cost of the new building. Neither can I tell you just when the debt ceased to be burdensome, but today, as we walk about Zion and go round about her, telling the towers thereof, marking well her bulwarks and considering her palaces, we can heartily rejoice that the church was built, that the debts were paid, and we just as heartily pray God that He will long spare the church of the Fathers to be the sanctuary for children and children's children, even unto the latest generation of men.

I have thus endeavored, so far as was practicable to gather up all that is known respecting the erection of this church edifice.

But this recital and the observance of this hour will be futile, if they do not

(I.) Awaken within us a sense of our obligation to work in the interests of those who are to come after us. The service of this hour is a living commentary on the Master's declaration, " I sent you to reap that whereon ye bestowed no labor. Other men labored, and ye have entered into their labors." Rejoicing in the rich heritage we have received, and accepting it, not as a legacy to be squandered, but as a solemn trust to be conserved, how can we better express our lasting appreciation of the great work of the Fathers than by following the Fathers' example? In their poverty, they built our church. If, in our abundance, we uprear our Tabernacle in the 12th ward, then, long after we shall have been gathered to the Fathers, our work will live and speak forth our appreciation of the inestimable worth of Christ's gospel, even as, for a century now happily past, the old church has spoken for the Fathers.

(II.) So also the services of this hour should beget

within us devout gratitude to God for all His mercies toward us. It is His providential care over and loving interest in this church which has preserved it in the past and becomes the pledge of good in the years to come. As we here rehearse the history of the bye-gone, joy in the experiences of the present, and are cheered by the prospects for the future, let us, with a hearty recognition of the divine goodness and a deep sense of our dependence, unite our hearts and voices in crying, "Not unto us, O Lord; not unto the Fathers, O Lord; but unto Thy name be all the glory."

(III.) I am not unmindful of the fact that, while I have been tracing the history of this material structure, I have left untouched another and a vastly more important history, but I have left it untouched because the records of the spiritual building can be gathered only from that book of remembrance which is before God. No man can grasp much less tell, what has been accomplished for Christ in the century within this house and by the influences which have emanated from it. If a tongue could be put in these massive but mute walls, and they could speak forth the things which they have seen and heard, what glorious testimony they would give. They would tell you that by the space of a whole century, alike in the word spoken and in the ordinances administered, Christ crucified has been held up before sinners as the only, the all-sufficient, the all-gracious Saviour, and before the children of God as the only Master, Helper and Guide. They would tell you that the anxious inquiry, "What must I do to be saved?" has often been raised; that new creatures in Christ Jesus, rejoicing in the ecstacies of the first love, have jubilantly shouted, "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift." They would tell you how generations of weary and heavy-laden souls here found rest and inspiration. But I have no access to God's book, and these walls have no tongues, hence we

must await the grand apocalypse, when every secret thing shall be revealed.

But this much I can tell you. Although the material fabric was completed and dedicated one hundred years ago, the spiritual temple is still in course of construction, and in that spiritual house you and I can, each and all, find a place and do a work. No stone, though it be never so deeply imbedded in the quarry of sin, though it be never so unshapely and unwieldy, but that, under the wonder-working power of the great Master Builder, the spirit of the Living God, can become a living stone in the living temple.

The work of the stone church, aided by the Holy Ghost, is to prepare these living stones for the spiritual temple, and much as we may revere the venerable pile on account of its past history, tenderly as we may regard it by reason of the many hallowed associations which cluster about it, yet it is substantially a failure, unless in the years to come, even as in the years past, "The Lord shall count when He writeth up His people that this man," and that man, and myriads of men, were there born again.

While we here offer to God our hearty thanks for the past, and humbly pray Him to vouchsafe to this Zion peace and prosperity in the future, let us remember that the only normal outcome of our remembrance of the former days is to make the days which are to come worthy of and an advance upon the days that are past, and that the only prosperity worthy the name is that which comes from the abiding presence, power and blessing of Him who has said to His people, "Lo, I am with you alway."

Within thy walls, O sacred shrine,
Gift of the Past to present time.
We come, with reverential tread,
As in the presence of the dead,
To hear that sweet and tender tone,
Which, bursting now from every stone,

Speaks forth, with fresh and ardent glow,
Work wrought—one hundred years ago.

O, holy house !—Time honored now—
A century has marked thy brow,
Yet classic fane, though wondrous fair,
Cannot, in grace, with thee compare.
The Fathers' knell was long since rung,
Their solemn dirge was long since sung ;
Yet, while they sleep beneath the sod,
We worship where they built for God.

To Thee, O Lord, we joyful raise
Our glad centennial song of praise,
As now, within this holy place,
Thy tenderness and love we trace.
Help us to guard, with sacred care,
The Treasure Thou hast given us here.
Long may she stand to speak of Thee
Till years and time shall cease to be.

Amen.

CENTENNIAL ADDRESS

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES

WALTER S. NICHOLS

CENTENNIAL TIMES AND MEN.

The charms of romance cluster around the memories of bye-gone days. When the dreams of childhood have given place to the stern realities of riper years, and the vigor of manhood in turn has yielded to the hoary head of age, the scenes of early years come back to us clad in hues of fancy's coloring. So is it often when our thoughts revert to a historic past, and we seek to array before us in imagination the generations that preceded us, and the scenes in which they played their part of life's great drama. Though separated by only a single century from the men who reared these walls, no cycle in Cathay has witnessed such stupendous changes. What was then the dawn of a new era in the social, industrial and scientific life of man, has given place to the splendor of a midday sun, and we sometimes think of the fathers of the hamlet in the eighteenth century as men who dwelt and labored in an atmosphere to which we are strangers.

It is easy to sketch from documentary records the political life of an age or people. But to transport ourselves in thought to the scenes of which they formed a part, and penetrate their inner daily life, is no easy matter. If we would weigh the character, and judge the life of a bye-gone generation, we must study them in the light of their surroundings. The men of 1791 were the men of the Revolution. When the corner-stone of this building was laid, only six years had passed since the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. The workmen who manned its trenches when the foundations were dug, had been trained

to their work in the camp of Washington beyond the Short Hills. The sacrifices made to rear their temple, great as they must have been, were small compared with those already borne while their town lay between opposing armies, and their families and homes were at the mercy of the marauder. Stout-hearted women, too, stood by their side: wives who had bid their husbands God-speed in the bitter fight for freedom; mothers who had roused their children at midnight to drive their cattle to the swamps, when the warning cry, "The Refugees are coming," broke the silence of the village streets. Though more than a hundred years had passed since the first settlers landed, the work of subduing the wildness of their surroundings had made but partial progress. There were young men in the group that gathered to the work who had heard as boys the cry of the panther in the wooded outskirts of the town; and there were old men who might have seen, in their boyhood, the red deer coursing across the meadows on the south.

When this new church was planned, the storm clouds of war had indeed been dissipated, but the political sky was far from clear. There were portents of a danger which, if more subtle in its workings, was none the less to be dreaded in its results. To resist the Parliamentary oppression of the mother country, and tear down the fabric of her colonial governments, had been largely a work of brute force and dogged resistance. But the problem of reconstruction, which now confronted the independent colonists, was one which might baffle the skill of the best political architect. How to weld those colonies into one coherent whole, under a form of government which should preserve their autonomy and secure their precious liberties, while possessed of the tenacity to resist dissensions at home and the onslaughts of foreign foes, was a question which in no age or country had yet been solved. The American statesman of 1782 might search all history in

vain for a precedent for his guidance. It is in the light of facts like these that we must view the generation to which our church builders belonged, and of which they were a representative as well as an integral portion. They possessed a liberal share of that enlightened public sentiment of their day which gave birth to the American Constitution.

Governments may be forcibly established by revolutions, but forms of government that are lasting must grow out of the exigencies of a people. The fathers had been trained for self-government by the teachings of their Calvinistic theology. They had been schooled in self-government by their conditions and necessities as English colonists. The constitution of their mother country might be their model. But that unwritten compact between kings, nobles and people, built up of centuries of customs, precedents and common law, was a thing which no man, not reared in an English atmosphere, could clearly comprehend. Constitutions are not exotics that will flourish in foreign soils. The skill with which its skeleton was recast, and its substance was modified and condensed into a written instrument, has been the admiration of the world. France, with all her culture, tried to follow in our footsteps, and brought up in the horrors of the French Revolution.

We may praise the genius of Alexander Hamilton, and the far-sighted shrewdness of Thomas Jefferson, but we must remember that it was the character of the men of 1787, whom they represented, that rendered possible the form of government which they helped to inaugurate.

That compact was not yet formed when the contributors subscribed to the building of this church. It had barely come into full operation when this building was dedicated. Church and nation were coeval in their building.

Nor was it alone their political future that was clouded. The financial outlook at the start was darker still. Free

capital has been aptly termed the sinews of war. With equal propriety may it be termed the sinews of peaceful industry. The Revolution had been fought by an impoverished people, with a currency exhausted at the start. It closed with bankrupt treasuries, ruined credit, and millions of virtually repudiated paper obligations. Not a mint existed in all the broad land, not an institution of finance outside of three seaport towns. The banking capital of the entire country was less than that of our single city today. To add to the distress, the few industries sustained by the war had been crushed out by foreign imports on the return of peace, and to crown all, the machinery of the courts had been put in motion to force the payment of debts suspended during hostilities.

But the greatest of all seeming obstacles at the start was one that is least thought of, the corrupting influences of the war. Newark was a part of the battle ground, and her able-bodied sons, as a mass, had shared in the struggle. At this late day it is hard to appreciate the concurrent testimony of contemporary writers; how the bars were let down, and the moral and religious tone of the whole people was lowered, when that large citizen soldiery returned to their homes. Newark shared with the rest in the demoralization. However we may admire their patriotism, we must admit that camp life is not a natural training school for church erection, and we may well marvel at the power of those home influences which, within four years of their return, inspired them with enthusiasm for the work.

When we consider the exhausted condition of the country at the close of hostilities, and then turn to such a structure as this, we instinctively ask, how did the impoverished people dare to undertake it. Their cloud had a silver lining. For four years they had waited, while a work of recuperation was going on. As year followed year, the life blood bounded through the veins of the young States

with increasing vigor. Their infant commerce spread. Step by step their exports overcame the balance of trade against them, and when, in 1786, a great revival had swept through their community and prepared the way, Newark and her sister settlements between the Raritan and the Passaic were among the chief supporters of the foreign commerce of New York. They were on the great highway to the South. Soon the stage coach would be rumbling through their streets, new comers were flocking in, new industries were starting up, and Newark, after more than a century of quiet life as a hamlet, was beginning that triumphant industrial march which has since made her the Birmingham of America.

We talk of Newark as a town. If we would understand its early character, we must think of it as a church. Treat and his associates never left their Milford and Branford homes to found a mere town. They came to plant this First Presbyterian Church of Newark in the wilds of New Jersey, and when they had planted it they hedged it round with restrictions to keep out unworthy members. For nearly fifty years their descendants knew no town apart from their ecclesiastical organization.

To borrow the imagery of another, the ship in which they started anew on their life's voyage was from stem to stern of New England build, with timbers hewn from her noble hills, seasoned in her wholesome discipline, and bolted through and through with her Puritan principles. The story of Newark was the story of old Milford repeated. There, too, a Christian band from New Haven had gone out into the wilderness to plant their church, and it is a matter of historic record that when those colonists assembled to frame their organic law, they resolved with one accord that until they could draft their code they would be governed by the laws as written in the word of God.

The leaven of those early settlers leavened their de-

scendants, and though town and State had been divorced for half a century, and their rigid Puritanism had been supplanted by a more catholic spirit, the influence of the original founders permeated their latest successors.

Six original townships constituted the settled portion of East Jersey under the proprietary government of Carteret. Others quickly followed. But of all the settlements, either then or at a later date, Newark was, I believe, the only one that was undertaken for a nobler purpose than the worldly gain of the settlers. It was the only colony in East Jersey whose origin was inspired by the same motives which impelled the Pilgrim Fathers to land on Plymouth Rock, and drove Roger Williams to seek a new home on the shores of the Narragansett. For years it was the only town that could boast a settled minister. Its character was in strong contrast with many portions of the State. The population of New Jersey was far from homogeneous. On the contrary, its heterogeneous classes and races obstructed both social and business intercourse. But the New England element led in influence. Newark had been the centre of New Englandism, and this church was the heart of Newark. The great body of the people either belonged within her pale, or were allied to her by ties of ancestry. As a class, they were men of strong and independent character, fitted for the stormy scenes in which they lived and the part they had to play.

The strength of a nation is not so much in her material resources, nor in the advanced culture of her nobles, but in the character and condition of her independent yeomanry. The proper distribution of wealth may be of more consequence than its mere aggregation. The lusty manhood of that intelligent community of farmers and mechanics was of more value to the State than hoards of gold and silver, pampering with luxuries the few, while the masses are sunk in poverty and degradation. Better the

bald hills of Scotland and the rugged crags of Switzerland, with the freemen whom they nourished, than the decaying empire of Philip the Second, with its mines of Peruvian gold.

Many a patriot soul throughout the land is watching now, with ill-concealed alarm, the gigantic concentration of capital, and the massing of industrial enterprises in the hands of the few, and is asking whether the threatened substitution of industrial slavery for industrial freedom, and the broadening of the gulf between the rich and the poor, may not sap the strength of the republic.

The Fathers of 1791 were of the intelligent yeomanry of whom strong nations are built. I know not better how to characterize them. They were a race of farmers and mechanics, living under conditions where hard manual labor was the lot of nearly all, and involved no social humiliation. You will find their essential characteristics reflected in many a quiet village community today.

If a time shall ever come when the citizens of their class are crushed out between the upper and nether millstones of great wealth and dependent poverty, our national fabric will fall as surely as did the temple of Gaza when stripped of its pillars.

The men of that day had neither the schooling of our times, nor the opportunity to acquire it. But there were scholars among them. To call them unlettered would be a libel. Their schooling was like that of many a plain country district, picked up in the few hours that could be spared from work, and embracing the fundamentals most needed for their daily requirements. Books were few. The press as an educator had scarcely appeared. Their church was their great schoolhouse, and its ministers were their chief instructors. In the cardinal doctrines of their faith and its polemic issues, they were probably better versed than their descendants.

Their old men in their youth had sat under the teaching of the scholarly Burr, and had seen the inauguration in their midst of that collegiate enterprise whose outgrowth was Nassau Hall. They had heard the burning words of Whitfield, and could recall the scene in their younger days when the windows of their old church had been taken out that his shafts, delivered from its pulpit, might penetrate the throng which blocked up all its approaches.

The thunders of Jonathan Edwards, the keenest metaphysician and the ablest divine whom the colonies had produced, had echoed through all the Puritan settlements. The scene at Enfield as he sketched his fearful picture of "Sinners in the hands of an angry God," was a household tradition. The writings of their eminent theologians were their standard literature.

We may call our builders narrow-minded, and talk of their blue laws. But they were descended from men whom the profligate house of Stuart had forced into exile. They knew how the foreign flag of England had trailed, and how their colonies had suffered, under the reign of the gay cavalier, and how that flag had gone up and those colonies had prospered when the cavaliers went down before the mailed hand of Oliver Cromwell, with his psalm-singing Ironsides.

The atheistic sneers of Voltaire and Paine, and the more scholarly assaults upon their faith of Hume and Bolingbroke, left little room for compromise in those times of religious contentions. It is well for us, their descendants, that it was so. Their laws, which public opinion has been strong enough to retain, could not well be replaced on our statute books. But it would not be just to paint them as if they were all made up of a moral and God-fearing community. Crime and irreligion were rampant then as now. The world has not gone backward in the last hundred years. The moral tone of the community has been raised,

its code of ethics has been improved, and its spirit of charity and humanitarianism has been broadened with the growth of wealth and culture. But the strong religious convictions of men like Witherspoon and Edwards and Burr are no longer the guiding stars of the masses.

Such, as I conceive it, was the framework of the picture, such the lights and shadows in which our quiet town should be studied as it lay nestling below the hills along the bank of the Passaic a hundred years ago. The details of the scene, of course, I cannot sketch. Two hundred humble dwellings, with their attendant shops and barns, distributed along its four principal village roads, formed its nucleus. But here stood their new church on that opening day of 1791, looking across to its predecessor, with its ancient burial ground behind. Let us watch a few of the veterans as they assemble. On yonder corner of Broad and Market streets, sitting in his home, blind and feeble under the weight of more than ninety years, is their senior deacon Alling, proud of his commission as a magistrate from King George, thorough patriot as he was. From his mansion facing their training ground comes their leading citizen, Judge Elisha Boudinot, worthy representative of his Huguenot ancestry, the chief legal adviser of town and church, and the President of their trustees for more than thirty years. From his mansion on Market street, to the east, comes Captain-Deacon Wheeler, the pastor's right-hand man, among the first to strike for freedom, and first of the people to strike his spade into the ground when the church foundations were dug. From his ancestral home to the south, shaded by huge button ball trees, comes Captain-Elder Nathaniel Camp, who could boast of Washington as his guest, with his near neighbor, Dr.-Elder Burnet, the surgeon-general of the army. From his new house on the back road comes Benjamin Coe the second, with his near neighbor, Captain Nichols, and from

distant Bloomfield, Joseph Davis and the Farrands, while the venerable form of the army chaplain, Dr. MacWhorter, approaches with his son, the lawyer from the South. Thus they gathered.

Pastor, deacons, elders, trustees and laymen, they were all a fighting as well as praying band. How, by candle light, they must have rehearsed at times the stories of their trials. How they must have recalled the despondency when Washington's disheartened troops entered their town from Acquackanock and pitched their tents, and the terror when Cornwallis followed and took possession. How their wives and children must have rehearsed the experiences of that wintry night when they awoke to find British bayonets at their doors, and the sky lit up by the flames of their burning academy, answered back by the glare from Elizabeth's burning church. How they must have fought over the battle of Springfield, and recalled the incidents of Knyphausen's advance, stained as it was with the tragic death of Hannah Caldwell, the fair daughter of their Justice Ogden.

We can fancy them, too, assembled in town meeting, discussing their plans for the future, and anticipating the time when the new highway to the metropolis should ease the burden of a two days' travel.

The scene on which this church building first looked down has strangely changed. More modern appliances have supplanted the well sweeps, the tinder boxes, the fireplaces with their cranes and andirons, the foot-stoves and the fire-buckets. Mills and factories have driven out the looms and clock reels and spinning wheels with which the family garments were made. Modern libraries have taken the place of Bunyan and Edwards and Watts and the old family Bible, and too often the dime novel the place of their New England primers and Daboll's arithmetics. The gain is unquestioned, but we must discount the loss.

Just ninety years ago, Dr. MacWhorter stood where I now stand, and preached his century sermon. His listeners were the men of whom I speak. The following sentences from his opening remarks seem peculiarly appropriate tonight:

> It is a melancholy thought, yet of solemn certainty, that none of us now before God shall ever live to behold such another day. We never saw such a one before, and nothing is more sure than that our eyes shall never behold another. What incalculable numbers of men are swept from the earth in the short space of a hundred years. And not only shall we and the whole world go off the stage in this century, but more than ten times the number of all who are now alive on the earth. Multitudes will come into existence and die before the commencement of such another era.
>
> We must soon follow our fathers into the eternal world, and leave our town and church to others.

We are the realization of the old preacher's dream. Ours is the generation which, ten years hence, will see his century completed. Already these older faces on the wall are unfamiliar, and the petty cares and trials which vexed them have been forgotten. Another century will soon be rolling on. As I now talk of them, some future memorialist may speak of us. The lesson is obvious. Men die, but influences will live. Phidias and his Athenian co-laborers may be forgotten, but the Parthenon, with its sculptured frieze, will remain for all time a divine model of classic art.

But time presses. Let us ring down the curtain, and shift the scene. Sixty years have passed. Our builders are gone. A few gray-haired patriarchs are all that are left of their sons. Their church is remodeled. Their town of twelve hundred inhabitants has become a busy city of 30,000. The daily stage to Philadelphia no longer rumbles through their streets. Sloops and periaugers have ceased to be their vehicles of travel. Machinery is replacing their simple tools, and with them the handicraft of the workmen.

Again the old church bell is ringing, but those who respond to its summons are the intermediate link between the builders' generation and our own. I refer to the early pastorate of Dr. Stearns. The faces will come back to some as I mention, from my own boyish recollection, the names of Tolles, their sexton, Illsley, their chorister, and Hornblower, Tuttle, Taylor, Woodruff, Colton, Porter, Jacobus and Nichols on their bench of elders. Of them, too, nearly all are gone. Their sole representative among the officers today is the revered senior member of the Session.

But again the curtain must fall, as I hasten on to speak briefly of the religious guides and teachers of this church. The exalted character and classic scholarship of Jonathan F. Stearns are fresh in your own recollection. Of Ansel D. Eddy, who preceded him, there are doubtless many here who can give a better portraiture than I. But it is of MacWhorter and Griffin and Richards that I would speak, the men whose inspiration moulded the lives and shaped the thoughts of the builders and their sons. They were scholarly as well as godly men. It is fashionable in these times of material progress to speak slightingly of the learning of their theologic day. But it was the practical wisdom and far-sighted shrewdness of the men who were educated in the learning of MacWhorter and Griffin and Richards that shaped the political developments of our recent civilization.

We cannot measure their scholarship by their mere knowledge of facts. The schoolboy today is familiar with facts of which Newton and even La Place never dreamed. But where is the schoolboy who can follow the demonstrations of the *Principia* or *Mécanique Céleste?* Behind all material science, and including it all, lies that broad domain of philosophic truth in which these men were the peers of their successors, a realm which Tyndal sought to

explore and landed in the conclusions of the old Greek philosopher two thousand years before, in which Huxley followed out his mechanical basis of life to its logical conclusions and brought up in the fore-ordination of Calvin.

The studies of those religious teachers all crystallized around that of man in his spiritual origin and destiny. That was the one great practical question with which they had to deal. All others were incidental. New light has since modified their conceptions of subsidiary facts, but the great underlying doctrines, proclaimed from this platform by MacWhorter and Griffin, are taught by the finest scholars in Christendom today.

The rock-ribbed hills around them were scarred with the tracks of ancient glaciers, whose boulders were scattered over the fields of Newark. But the teachers of that generation knew nothing of the story told by those stones. The geologic epochs consumed in world-building were a matter of which they were ignorant. They could not fill up the long chronology of the past. But they knew as much of its beginning and its later developments as we. Before their minds passed, in panoramic review, the creative fiat, the Spirit brooding on the waters, the birth and apostasy of man, the rise and fall of empires. They contrasted Babylon in her pride, with the desolation brooding over the plains of Shinar; the mighty monuments of the Pharaohs and the mystic learning of Egypt, with the squalor that reigned in the valley of the Nile; the pomp of imperial Rome, with the ruined palaces of the Cæsars. These were the class of material facts from which the former teachers of this church took the lessons that they inculcated.

Nor could they fill up the horoscope of the future. Correlation of forces, conservation of energy, elongation of planetary orbits, precession of equinoxes, those natural laws from which savants now predicate the world's doom,

were little understood; but of the final outcome, they knew as much as we. As they thought of the future, their faith was undimmed by scientific doubts. As the curtains closed around their life on earth, *Dies Iræ* was to them an impending reality; and as earth's familiar landscape faded from their sight, their thoughts leaped the chasm of scientific epochs, while clear and strong before their unclouded vision rose the battlements of a celestial world.

In those early days the life of pastor and people alike was given to sacrifice and toil, but the rude tombstones that once stood in yonder burial yard bore witness to the fact that it closed in the full assurance of immortality. Their teachings, their life, their faith, their hope, are all summed up in those words of great Martin Luther's noble hymn:

"Ein feste Berg ist unser Gott."

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